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It our triends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

"Let us alone!"

Secretary Metcalf and the Fleet. It is just as well perhaps that Secretary METCALF is getting ready to make his appearance on the Pacific Coast. We note on the part of the people a flagging interest in the fleet and on the part of the crews a slowly growing desire to vacate the rôle of front row figures in a spectacle. As for the officers themselves they have never regarded the flower festivals, &c., with anything but aversion. The Secretary, therefore, will do well to hasten unless he would find the public sated and the temper of the crews

divested of even the pretence of enthu-

siasm. There has been little secret from the first as to the real object of the naval parade. Mr. METCALF wants to be a Senator and with the Senators stand. Used in moderation, the junket of the fleet might have promoted his aspirations. It is no small thing to furnish sleepy towns with a sensation. It is a very bigathing indeed to inject into the same towns afterward several thousands of happy-go-lucky sailormen with their pockets full of money and a consuming thirst for spending it. The whole California coast has been enriched by this beneficent shower of gold. There, for example, is Santa Barbara, with a population of 8,000 or 10,000, not more than one-fifth of whom derived any profit from the invasion. The others no doubt subscribed for the show and enjoyed it within reason, but the one-fifth took in the sailors in more ways than one and so improved their opportunity. The result can be imagined. The respectable elements of the community had enough of it when the pageant terminated, the frugal one-fifth dropped the subject when disbursement ceased, and the man-'-warsman with an empty wallet and a distended head was left to wonder where his dividend of either profit or glory came in. It was so at San Diego, at Loss Angeles and elsewhere. What it will be by the time the fleet reaches the Golden Gate we can only conjecture. We say nothing of the officers, except to

for them even the charm of novelty. It will be well, therefore, for the Hon. VICTOR METCALF to hasten his steps if he proposes to reap any advantage from the fleet's presence on and along his shores. Unless he makes haste or all the processes of human nature are diverted in his favor, he will reach San Francisco just in time to meet a lot of sailors thoroughly disenchanted, divested of all their original ardor, depleted as regards their pockets, and desirous of nothing so much as a good long old fashioned carouse among themselves. They have endured the protracted strain of a novel gayety and are tired of it. Such funds as remain to them they would like to spend in their own way. Mr. METCALF will find, we fear, that neither they nor the busy citizens of the California metropolis will lend themselves in the proper spirit to

further schemes of holiday making. We may be wide of the mark. The men of the fleet may reach San Francisco as full of enthusiasm as ever, the populace will meet them keyed to the proper pitch, and Mr. METCALF's prospects for the Senate may swim upon a summer sea. Let us hope so if we can.

The Alleged Degeneration of the Human Race.

A German scientist, Dr. EMIL KÖNIG. has lately undertaken to prove that in highly civilized countries man has abused his constitutional strength and consequently is more susceptible to disease than he was in earlier times. There is obviously something to be said for this averment, but considered as a whole the facts do not bear it out.

it is unquestionably true that as civilization advances human life becomes more complex, and the pressure upon a man's physical resources tends to become more intense. It is also true that certain forms of disease, such, for ex- to 485 inhabitants; Philadelphia one to ample, as cancer and heart weakness, appear to be more prevalent than they were a century ago-we say "appear," because only in a comparatively recent period have the statistics of mortality | York there are 3,005 miles of streets and and its causes been trustworthy and exhaustive. Neither can it be denied that by our sanitary improvements. the multiplication of hospitals and sanitaria, the demonstration of the germ origin of disease, the discovery of antitorins and specifics and the development of antiseptic surgery we have sensibly checked the natural process of elimination which brings about the survival of the fittest and the extinction of human beings unable to transmit physical vigor of 92 precincts. In view of the topoto-their offspring. Dr. König likewise thinks that he discerns marked deterioration in the human stomach, owing to what he alleges to be the present swift

decay and loss of the teeth. Much of this may be admitted, but there is preponderant evidence on the

of the average human life. If we take a broad view of the matter we find the contrary to be the case. In France it must be acknowledged the birth rate has declined so notably that the population remains almost stationary from one decade to another. Against this phenomenon must be set the signally reduced death rate, the result being that the ability to outlive the Scriptural three score years and ten, and even to survive for a century, is much more frequently exhibited in France to-day than it was four generations ago. Then, again, Germany, where there is less illiterapy and where culture is more widely diffused than it is in the French Republic, has at once a high birth rate and a low death rate. As for the supposed injurious influence of the decay and loss of teeth on the stomach, it is notorious that the extraordinary development of the art of dentistry in the last half century and the | tectives. studious care of teeth now inculcated and almost universally practised by highly civilized peoples have brought about an astonishing change. We scarcely ever see now in men and women under age mouths disfigured by the loss or decay

of teeth, whereas this was a common sight up to fifty years ago. The official records of Geneva, which have been kept carefully for a long period, prove that the average duration of human life is materially greater than it was a hundred and fifty or a hundred years ago. Not only the average length of human existence but the retention of physical and intellectual vigor, or what is called the prime of life, tends to be prolonged. The age limit of usefulness has in practice been pushed forward. The fruitful activity of men over sixty and even seventy years of age is a phenomenon far more frequently observed to-day than it was a hundred years ago. Napoleon's career was over at forty-six; Von MOLTKE'S can scarcely be said to have begun, so far as great achievements were concerned, till he was nearly seventy. What is true of war is true of diplomacy, of law, of medicine, of every field of work in which

mental and physical energy is indispensa-

partially all the data, weighing accu-

rately all the evidence pro and con, we

seem justified in taking an optimistic

rather than Dr. König's pessimistic view

of the effect of civilization on the bodily

When, in a word, we examine im-

well being and longevity of man. As for the increased ability of highly civilized man to withstand the attacks of disease, this will be evident when we recall the devastation wrought in mediæval Europe by the plague; as, for example, by the Black Death, which in the middle of the fourteenth century is believed to have destroyed in several countries at least a third of their inhabitants. No such appalling mortality could now be

caused by any contagious malady.

When in the course of an animated wake the deceased sits suddenly up- youth NIETZSCHE had won the praises of right and proceeds to participate in the ceremonies, instead of eliciting cries of thankfulness and joy from the company he generally succeeds in creating a panic and putting everybody to flight. A certain analogy is more than intimated in the circumstance of Mr. Charles W. Mobse, of financial memory, who incontinently suggest that no part of it ever possessed has just paid to his inconsolable creditors some six hundred thousand dollars.

The Police Problem in New York.

New York should have the best police force in the world because it needs the best police force in the world. Why this is so Commissioner BINGHAM explains in an article in the North American Review for May, which every citizen interested in the welfare and good name of this city should read. New York is divided by the East and Harlem rivers and by the bay; on the East Side there is a congestion of population such as exists nowhere else in the world, while the outlying districts on Long and Staten islands are so sparsely settled that police beats are impracticably long, one of them on Staten Island requiring twenty miles of patrolling. But the problem is not merely topographical and residential. If there are thousands of tenants in one block on the East Side, there are as many thousands in one downtown skyscraper, and these business hives continue to multiply. Furthermore, New York is the most cosmopolitan and polyglot city in the world.

"In London the alien population is not so large as to cut a serious figure in the statistics of crime, while in New York 80 per centum of all malefactors arraigned in the courts are of foreign birth, and the New York police, moreover, are compelled to deal not only with the predatory criminals of all nations, including our own, but with the feuds of the Sicilian mafia, the Neapolitan, camorra, the Armenian hunchakists, the Chinese tongs, and with other internecine quarrels of the scum of the earth."

The police of London, which compared with New York is a compact city for all its size, deal mainly with an English speaking population; yet in London there is one patrolman to 496 inhabitante and in New York one to 547. Here are other comparisons, all to the disadvantage of New York: Washington, one patrolman 511; St. Louis, the same ratio; Boston, one to 509; Liverpool, one to 449; Dublin, one to 330; Berlin, one to 340; Budapest, one to 320. In the five boroughs of New 7.839 men to patrol them, or there would be as many if the following details were not necessary: 300 policemen to the detective bureau, 350 to traffic regulation, 175 to the courts, 82 to municipal departments and offices, 116 to Central Park, 75 to the Health Department, and 18 to boiler inspection. As the average number of men reporting sick daily is 200, and 50 are absent on leave, 6,478 are left for patrol duty, or 70 men to each graphical, residential, business and racial conditions in New York, General BINGHAM thinks that the patrol force should be increased to provide one policeman to every 400 inhabitants.

But augmenting the force would further impair its efficiency, in General NIETZSCHE was a very suspicious man other side. If it were a fact that in BINGHAM's opinion, unless provision were after his break with WAGNER. He suf- | We don't believe it.

highly civilized countries man is de- made for a staff of civilian detectives; fered from the mania of persecution. IS THERE TO BE A REVOLUgenerating we should undoubtedly ob- for strict regulation of pawnbrokers | He hated mankind and fled to the heights serve two things, namely, a diminishing (including daily returns of transactions) birth rate and a progressive shortening and of the sale of offensive weapons; and most important of all, for a ten year term for the Commissioner and his removal by Governor or Mayor only on publication of the reasons for dismissal, and not, as now, at the will of either. Why a civilian branch of the detective bureau? Commissioner BINGHAM replies that as the bureau is now constituted "all the members of the police force are well known, and can be easily known to criminals of all kinds, as well as to the crooked politicians who are at the bottom of the present lack of efficiency in the Police Department." He proposes that the fund to maintain a staff of civilian detectives be at the absolute disposal of the Commissioner, subject to audit by the Mayor, the Comptroller and the President of the Civil Service Commission. Thus the head of the Department would be able to employ men who were something more than "rule of thumb" de-

Opinions may differ concerning the question of a ten years term for the Police Commissioner, and a civilian detective staff, clandestine in its methods. may not generally recommend itself, but the force will never be reformed if public sentiment does not vigorously support a Commissioner who is working and fighting devotedly to give New York a capable police administration. As General BINGHAM says:

"In the last analysis it comes to this: that the police are just as good or just as bad as the citizens make them, and if the better element of citizenship refuses to concern itself about the guardianship of law and order it has no right to complain when the erooked element does."

New York in our time has not had a Commissioner as militant and indomitable for reform as General BINGHAM. The police crook, the political crook and the professional crook are in league against him, desperately bent upon his destruction. If he suffers defeat in his tremendous battle for an adequate police force it will be because the citizens of New York refuse or neglect to hold up his hands. Do they deserve such a fearless champion as THEODORE A. BINGHAM? The question is not to be answered by saying that he has defects of temperament and is not on all occasions the wisest of men.

A Literary Scandal. A scandal of formidable magnitude,

one not unlike the Carlyle-Froude affair,

is stirring literary Germany in an unusual degree. Earlier in the year a book was published at Jena entitled "Franz Overbeck and Friedrich Nietzsche," by CARL ALBRECHT BERNOUILLI. In it at great length and with clearness was described the friendship of OVERBECK-a well known church historian and culture novelist, born at St. Petersburg of German and English parents—and NIETZSCHE during their Basel period. Interesting for the student is the story of his relations with RICHARD WAGNER and that mighty scholar JACOB BURCKHARDT, the historian of the Renaissance. As a mere both RIETSCHL and BURCKHARDT for his essay on THEOGNIS. This was before 1869, in which year at the age of 26 he took his doctor's degree and accepted the chair of classical philology at Basel. His friend OVERBECK noted his dangerously rapid intellectual development and does not fail to record, what has never been acknowledged by the dyed in the wool Nietzschians, that the "Master" had read and inwardly digested MAX STIR-NER's anarchistic work "The Ego and His Own." Not only is this long denied fact set forth, but OVERBECK in a careful analysis reaches the positive conclusion that notwithstanding his profound erudition, his richly endowed nature, FRIED-RICH NIETZSCHE is not one of the world's great men; that in his mad endeavor to carve himself into the semblance of his own Superman he wrecked brain and

body. The sad irony of this book lies in the fact that the sister of NIETZSCHE, Frau FOERSTER-NIETZSCHE, who nursed the poet-philosopher from the time of his breakdown in 1888 till his death in 1900; who for twenty years has by pen and personally made such a successful propaganda for his ideas, is in at least three letters-for the first time published by BERNOUILLI-insulted grievously by her brother. This posthumous hatred as expressed in the acrid prose of NIETZSCHE is terribly disenchanting. He calls her a meddlesome woman without a particle of understanding of his ideals. He declares that she has martyred him, has made him ridiculous, and in the last letter he wrote her, dated December, 1886, he wonders at the enigma that has made two persons of such widely different temperaments blood relatives. BERNOUILLI, the editor of these Overbeck letters, adds insult to injury by calling the unselfish, noble minded sister and biographer of her brother a tyrannical and not very intellectual person, who often wounded her brother with her advice and criticism.

At this the storm broke. Mme FORRSTER-NIETZSCHE lives at upper Weimar, where is erected the Nietzsche archive, from which yearly an ever rising flood of documents is poured forth. Through her literary lieutenant, PETER GAST-whose real name is HEINBICH Köseljtz-she went to law to enjoin the publisher, EUGEN DIEDERICHS of Jena, from printing the second volume of the Overbeck work. PETER GAST doubts the authenticity of these letters, for as he truthfully points out, the love of NIBTZECHE for his sister, as evidenced by an ample correspondence, was great. We recall the touching exclamation of the sick philosopher when once at his sister's house in Weimar he saw her weeping: Don't ory, little sister, we are all so happy now." That "now" had a sinister significance, for the brilliant thinker was quite helpless and incapable of reading through the page of a book, though he was never the lunatic pictured by some of his opponents. A deep melancholy had settled upon his soul and he died without the light of a returned reason. It has not occurred to German critics that these letters even if genuine are the product of a diseased imagination.

of Sils-Maria to escape, what POE so aptly described as the "tyranny of the

human face." As is known, in certain forms of mental delusion the patient turns against those he once loved best. Perhaps this may explain the disagreeable letters which should never have seen the light of day. Legally or no, the sister of the dead man has a moral right to demand that such painful matter shall be excluded from publication. Her fight during two decades for her brother has won her universal admiration. Nevertheless the whole episode is ugly and has brought to the public knowledge of unsuspected heart burnings and personal bickerings. The literary life, too, can be "strenuous."

A Modern Proclamation.

Governor C. N. HASKELL of Oklahoma breaks from the conventional proclamation style and addresses his people in small capitals, capitals and fullface. His announcement of a legal holiday on May 7 looks like an editorial clipped from a yellow or yellowish newspaper. In heavy black type that we do not attempt to transcribe it asserts "In Unity There Is Strength." He says:

" The honest people or the special interest wil WHICH SHALL IT BE

Shall the creatures of GoD or the ereatures of the Legislature rule the country!" At the time of the adoption of the Oklahoma Constitution it was believed

that in the new State at least the creatures of the Legislature would be under pretty strict control, but The past and present warn us-the Genera overnment must be brought nearer the people. " All pledges of future action are stale with age,

and the path of the past is strewn with wrecks of he people's fondest hopes. Loud accisim and flerce denunciation still leave

the people with empty hands." Many are satisfied as long as their mouths are full. Not so in Oklahoma:

"WHEN? NOW! "AMEND THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION. "HOW ?

"THE PEOPLE MUST ACT!

(A) BLECT UNITED STATES SENATORS BY DIRECT VOTE. "(B) LEGALIZE AN INCOME TAX (C) MAKE CONSTITUTIONAL AN EMPLOYERS' LIA

"The people are all powerful in action, but graft, greed and monopoly rule while the people are silent," asserts the Governor. Graft, greed and monopoly have slim opportunity to rule in these noisy times. But Governor HASKELL "in the interest of Government rendering equal and exact justice to both the rich

and the poor" proclaims his legal holiday, that: " Our people may assemble and confer together

urge that all advocates of good government-The Farmers, in their lodge rooms The Commercial Clubs in their halls The Laborers in their unions.

All Societies for the promotion of Morals and ntelligence. " All you who believe that the Laborer is worth of his hire; that the home is sacred and domestic happiness should be promoted-

" May so assemble and adopt resolutions de manding your Congressmen and Senators support all of these five amendments to the Constitution. and before you rest mall your resolutions to Wash ington. "Go after reforms in a practical manner-all

promises and no results discredit your sincerity. " Your duty done, let us pray that beyond our own small State, weak alone in this fight for good rovernment, that our sister States throughout the Union may add their power." Visitors to Oklahoma are warned that

the adjectives "weak" and "small" as used here are merely rhetorical. Strangers in the State will use them at their own risk. But, says Governor HASKELL: DO IT NOW! ACTION DEFERRED IS OPPOR-TUNITY LOST!"

Governor HASKELL knows how to use type. To silence old fogies who might question the authenticity of a document so unusual in appearance it bears this certificate: " Attest: BILL CROSS, Secretary of State.

No one will doubt the genuineness of

A good, eye captivating proclamation.

BILL's signature, no matter in what typographical form it may appear, What a sage HENRY WATTERSON would be to-day in the esteem of all Democrats if

during his long and often felicitous career he had devoted half as much time and half as many columns to the impersonal exposition of Democratic principles as he has to the explanation of his own position with regard to ideas and events. Our esteemed contemporary the Courrier

des Etats-Unis announced yesterday the unexpected death of its principal proprietor and editor, Mr. HENRY P. SAMPERS, and said of him: "His unique preoccupation every day and every instant was to make the newspaper indispensable to the French. to make it the organ par excellence of French thought in America." His success has been notable. Probably a deliberate preconception of a journal's special usefulness and limited province has never been pursued more rigidly, more consistently and more ably than in the case of this excellent newspaper published daily in New York in one of the many languages of this metropolis.

We observe that the Southern newspapers of real consequence have taken very languid interest in the banquet of the Cosmopolitan Society at which white and colored persons met around the festal board and explained their various theories of social equality, together with their plans for solving the race question. It was a negligible affair at best, and our contemporaries on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line have done well to view it in that light.

The progress of the Johnson boom in New Eng land is due entirely to a misapprehension as to who JOHNSON is. Most of the men who have been coming out for him think he is TOM L. JOHNSON. This may sound like a joke, but it actually is a serious may sound like a joke, but it actually is a serious fact.—George Fred Williams.

Of course the Bryan men whom the unmistakable WILLIAMS assumes to lead are the only intelligent Democrats in New England.

The Green Bag is a thing of knowledge. and it surprises us to find in its offspring. Legal Bibliography, in the course of a tribute to the literary versatility of FREDERIC STIMSON, this passage: "Those fortunate readers who know his college

skit 'Rollo's Journey to Cambridge' recognize in

him a vein of wit in sharp contrast to the dry statistics of ' American Statute Law.' Is Colonel JOHN TYLER WHEELWRIGHT'S notorious claim disputed by Mr. STIMSON? TION IN ETHICS?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: A revolution in theology and in our conception of the government of the universe such as we are undergoing is sure to draw with it a revolutionary movement in ethics. There lies before me a review article giving an account of a number of books on ethics which are widely at variance, it appears, with the ethics of Christianity. The general tendency of the authors seems to be to reject altogether the Christian type of character as artificial and weak, and to aim at substituting for it something more robust and, it is assumed, more in accordance with nature. One theorist is represented as regarding humanity in its present form only as transient material out of which is to be wrought the "Superman." In what respect, so far as our conceptions extend, has Christian ethics failed? It has given birth to the warrior as well as to the martyr, to the virtues of the softer as well as to those of the stronger sex. Communities which have kept its rules, as well as individuals, have been happy.

The Christian ideal of character and life went essentially unchanged through the violence of the Middle Ages and the vices of the Papacy. It was somewhat perverted by asceticism; but it was the same in Anselm, Thomas à Kempis and St. Louis, as it is in their counterparts now. Nor does it seem to tese by denunciation of theological dogma. The moral principles and aspirations of good free thinkers or Positiviste remain still essentially Christian.

The ethical ideal which is now being set up against the Christian apparently is that of the Greeks. In literature and art Greece, or rather Athens, or, to speak still more correctly, a limited number of free citizens in Athens, was preeminent: but its preeminence, if we may trust its own moralists, hardly extended to morals.

GOLDWIN SMITH. P. S.-I have read the Pope's letter to the Bishop of Limerick, in which his Holiness denies that Modernism had any hold on Cardinal Newman. I must not venture to contradict infallibility; but does his Holiness recollect that Cardinal Manning accused Cardinal Newman of "minimizing Catholicism? There can be very little doubt that there was a modification toward the close of Cardinal Newman's life, which I suspect would have extended to the absolute belief once professed by him in the authenticity of Papal miracles. Did Newman toward the latter part of his life take any active part in proselytism? His Holiness, no doubt, can tell.

VIRTUES OF THE WOODCUT. Superiority of a Dying Art to Its Cheaper

Successor From the New York Medical Journal We are glad to learn that the Association of omen Principals of the Public Schools of New York has taken up certain important questions connected with the care of school children's eyes. Physicians have for years been convinced of the leterious effects of the maddening glare given out by the glazed paper which is used in books when it thought desirable to illustrate them with half tone engravings. In some foreign publications we find half tones handsomely printed on paper which is almost if not quite unobjectionable so far Our French and German exchanges, for example, afford ample evidence of

Many of the half tone engravings are in a high degree artistic, and they have the advantage of presenting undeniable reproductions of photographic ctures, with all their good points and all their bad ones. For all that, however, we prefer woodcuts for most purposes. Where are the half tones that present such lucid depictions as are to be found, for instance, in the old woodcuts of Sappey's Anatomy? But the woodcuts must be of a high order of excel lence, and to whom shall we turn now for such work in wood cutting as we were accustomed to a few decades ago? Doubtless a few accomplished wood engravers still survive, but their numbers nust be steadily diminishing. Wood engraving alas, is almost a lost art. As a rule an engraving on wood is more expensive than a half tome block and doubtless that fact will stand in the way of a general return to the wood, but it ought not to pre vent our taking all practicable steps to safeguard the children's eyes.

The Multiform Washington Pie. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Ser: At last the true Washington ple is coming into its own. I was glad to read the correct version as given by Eliza beth Raymond. The bread crumb and other scrap heap messes as served to the unfortunate city dwellers are a libel on a very famous product. To get the true and original article it must be sought in its native lair, among the rock ribbed New England hills, where they grow rock ribbed digestions

to compete with the native culinary art. Your correspondent, however, has described but one variety of this famous dainty. When I was at school in New Hampshire a variety that most appealed to our lusty appetites had a filling of thick the cake layers when bitten into by hungry laws (forks were made for grownups, anyway). other variety was filled with chocolate. NEW YORK, May 1. GRANITE STATE.

Absent Minded King Peter.

Belgrade correspondence Pall Mall Gazette During the late ministerial crisis King Peter to tender his advice. When reminded that this statesman was dead his Majesty cheerfully replied:

"Of course, of course, it had slipped my memory;

well, no matter-another time.

The Next to the Greatest Third Termer TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Bela Tokaji ommences a letter to THE SUN this morning by Those the gods would destroy they first make mad. The rest of his letter would indicate that the gods have got busy. JOHN J. FABRE.

NEW YORK, May 1. Examined and Admitted TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Have Cool & High, insurance brokers doing business in Den ver, Col., at an altitude of 5,280 feet, been passed upon by the committee on admissions of the Hall HOT SPRINGS, Va., April 30.

To the New Director of Opera

Signor Glulio Gatti Casazza, To you New York takes off its hat, sir! We pin our earnest hopes on you. And you'll find plenty here to do To make us all feel satisfied, Here are some things you might provide

A chorus that can sing its part; Listeners who do not think it smart Before the end to leave one's seat and drown the notes with shuffling fee Scene shifters who'll do as they're told; Tenors who never have a cold Sopranos who are headache proof. Fresh air from orchestra to roof No garlic in the rall bird crowd; Brasses that will not play too loud New operas given on reques New, but as good as Verdi's best!

Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza, If only you'll arrange all that, sir With praise the town will overflow, Most noble impresario!

A May Madrigal.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud We live in a land that is burdened and bowed And things are essentially now on the bum! Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? There's nothing but gloom and opaqueness and

cloud Twixt us and prosperity! Doomward we sink, And things are essentially now on the blink! Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? We're ruled by the rich and the altitude browed The plute is a prince and the poor man a dog.

And things are essentially now on the bog

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? By August the 80th winter will end,

THE UNREAD MESSAGES.

From the Boston correspondence of the Springfield Republican

As the Treasury surplus decreases the surplus of Roosevelt special messages rapidly increases. There must be 1,000 pages of them n the Government Printing Office by this time, and tons upon tons of unread copies, for the man in the street has left off reading this superfluous literature. It no longer interests him, partly because much of simple iteration and reiteration of what we had two and three years ago and in prodigious abundance last year, before the panic came and for a brief respite the flow of White House words ceased. It has begun again, and who can say how far it will go? There are mes-sages to burn-and that is the best use to which they can be put. As a fuss maker Mr. Roosevelt surpasses all recent Presidents; but this last spool of message does not even make a fuse; it has fallen dead except at Washington, where it seems to have increased the anger of the Republican Congressmen Senators, who declare (with truth) that such documents help the Democrats and prevent the do-nothing policy of the machine from running smoothly along. It could not even get read in the House, it seems, so tightly have the bosses and Speaker Cannon tled up the natural activity of the Representatives. But that is no matter, for its influence is little or nothing. It tickles the strange vanity of Bostonians to find they have abuses loud enough to be heard in Washington and get named in a White House bundle of sticks, big and little. But the parallel to this message elsewhere is that cry of the Mussulman fruit seller in Constanti-"In the name of the Prophet, Figs!" The President has brought his crop to a poor market this time.

The Fugitives. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I have been greatly interested in reading your edito-day on the reception of the President's message in the halls of Congress. Think of grave and dignified Senators and

Members standing in their places, with arms folded if need be, listening in silence to a tirade from Mr. Roosevelt! E. T. W Pathetic, is it not? NEW YORK, April 30.

Fried Oysters. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Just because they can sprinkle in a few hot words to taste, such s "nuances," your correspondents writing about fried oysters don't prove that they know beans about the subject. I don't know what "nuances" means; kind of thought I did when I first came upon it in a SUN dramatic review, clung to hope when it popped up in a musical review, but lost all hope when I struck it in a dramatic and then an

it in a comery letter. There are subjects which should be treated respectfully. But what I'm here to say is that it is all foo! shness to talk about comparative merit in fried eysters, because there is no merit whatever in the least evil of them. An oyster is no more designed to be fried than a strawberry to be brolled or a cantaloupe to be roasted. "Angels on horse-back," small oysters skewered with alternate butons of fat bacon and lightly broiled, is the nearest the oyster will be subjected to the frying process by any one having the slightest knowledge of the art of cooking or a trace of self-respect Not wishing to appear dogmatic I only add that

art review, and got mad all through when I found

the above is not an expression of opinion capable of successful contradiction; it is merely an indis-BLUB POINT. putable fact. NEW YORK, May 2.

The Color of Beecher's Hair.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: The color of lenry Ward Beecher's hair is of no great importance, but it seems to be of interest, as many persons have spoken to me about it since my casual mention of it in THE SUN as "black," and one correspondent corrects me by writing you: "He was a pronounced blond; that is, his hair was auburn

Well, Webster defines a "blond" as "a person of very fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes," while "auburn" is specified as "reddish brown." So that tale discredits itself.

I knew Beecher from my seventh year, when be came to Brooklyn, until my forty seventh, when he died, and for many years saw him not only Sundays lection of him is with very dark hair, although not black like the Italian hair. This agrees with the memory of sundry friends of his whom I have asked, and to make sure I wrote to his son, Willlam C. Beecher of Brooklyn, who replies: 'To the best of my remembrance, father's hair was dark brown-almost black." For the rest, his complexion was not fair, but ruddy, and his eye large and pale blue, although darkening to gray when he was JOHN R. HOWARD.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 1. Old Cannon a Cleck Weight.

From the Kennebec Journal

The most unique clock weight in Maine is that of the Baptist church at Cherryfield, an old smooth bore cannon. The old cannon was one of the old smooth bore type and was brought by Gleason R. Campbell from Boston on one of the return trips of lumber vessels. It was brought to fire salutes, as the stirring days of the civil war were at hand. After announcing many Union victories during the war, at the surrender of Lee in 1865 it was taken out for a final and great salute. Robert L. Willey, a soldier of the war. Who was at home on furlough was in charge of the cannon, and through some mismanagement a premature discharge of the gun threw Mr. Willey high in the air, filled his face with powder and tore one arm off close at the shoulder. The old gun was then spiked by the angry citizens and did no more salute service. When the Second Bapust Church building was built in 1873, a weight being wanted for the clock the old gun was used. For thirty years it did clock duty until 1903, when it once more received a baptism of fire and fell in the ruins of the church conflagration that Decem ber. When the new clock was installed in the new church building in 1906 once more the old cannot mounted the tower to do clock duty.

London's Last Private Garden.

From the Pall Mall Gazette It is sad to hear that the last of the private gar dens in the city of London is coming to an end. No. 4 Crosby square, with its beautiful old staircase and pleasant rooms, is to be pulled down Ripe figs were gathered in the summer of 1893 from the fig tree on the wall, and other trees grew near the fountain in the middle of the garden. An 1850 edition of Murray's "London" states that the present houses in Crosby square were built in 1877. This was the year in which the Lady Mary was

married to William of Orange. California Alligator Farm.

Los Angeles correspondence Baltimore Sun One thousand alligators, ranging from the length of a lead pencil to monsters that could crush a man in their jaws, arrived to day from the southwestern part of Louisiana and were landed loose in a new gator farm in East Los Angeles. They were brought in a specially arranged freight car over The increasing demand for alligator leather.

converted into pocketbooks and handbags, makes the consignment of saurians valuable and accounts for the new industry started here. Turks Objected to Herses' Names. From the London Telegraph.

The horses belonging to the late British Amhave been sold by auction. The usual notice was put in the local press, but the censor took exception as there were horses in the list with the names Pasha Sellm and Haroun, which he considered was offensive to Turks, and the list had to appear without

The Main Point. Knicker-A man claims to have a formula for naking diamonds

Bocker-That's nothing; can be make a pitcher? The Freight. Knicker-What is the prospect for the summer? Bocker-That the raliroads' principal business

will be swinging candidates around the circle. Misplaced Energy.

A person strenuous And in his brawny fist To catch the finny prize

And feel his heavy bat A philosophic man Decided to play ball, So got his red and ree And fancy book withal He dangled then the line With practiced hand and true That he might catch the sphere

As quickly post it fisw.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON

Till it might show its head

ROMAN HOLIDAYS.

A Praise of New Rome.

Copyright, 1908, by W. D. Howells. ROME, April 20.-Rome and I had both grown older since I had seen her last, but she seemed not to show so much as I the forty-three years that had passed. Naturally a city that was already twenty-seven centuries (and no one knows how much more) of age would not betray the lapse of time from 1864 to 1908 as a man must who was then only twenty-seven years of age. In fact I should say that Rome looked, if anything, younger at our second meeting, or at any rate newer; and I am so warm a friend of youth (in others) that I was not sorry to find Rome young, or merely new, in so many good things. At the same time I must own that I heard no other foreigner praising her for this except a fellow septuagenarian, who had seen Rome earlier even than I, and who thought it well that the Ghetto should have been cleared away, though some visitors (who had never lived in a Ghetto) thought it a pity if not a shame and an incalculable loss to the picturesque. These also thought the Tiber Embankments a wicked sacrifice to the commonplace. though the mud banks of other days invited the torrent to an easy overflow of whole quarters of the town, which were left reeking with the filth of the flood that overlay the constant filth of the streets, and combined with it to an effect of disease and of discomfort not always personally unknown to the politest lover of the picturesque. There used to be a particular type of typhoid known as Reman fever, but now quite unknown, thanks to the Tiber Embankments and to the light and air let into the purlieus of that mediæval Rome for which the injudicious grieve so loudly. The perfect municipal housekeeping leaves no darkest and narrowest lane or alley unswept; every morning the shovel and broom go over the surfaces of regions formerly almost impassable to the foot and entirely impossible

I am speaking quite literally as well as

to the nose.

frankly, and though I can understand why some envious New Yorker, remembering our blackguard streets and avenues. should look askance at the decency of the newer Rome and pretend it an offence against beauty and poetry, I do not see why a Londoner, who lives himself in a well kept town, should join with any of my fellow barbarians in hypocritically deploring the modern spirit which has so happily invaded the Eternal City. The Londoner should rather entreat us not to be humbugs and should invite us to join him in rejoicing that the death rate of Rome, once the highest in the civilized world, is now almost the lowest. But the language of Shakespeare and Milton is too often exhausted in deploring the modernity which has housed us aliens there in such perfect comfort and safety. One must confine oneself to instances, and one may take that of the Ludovisi Quarter, as it is called, where I dwelt in so much peace and pleasure except when I was reminded that it was formed by plotting the lovely Villa Ludovisi in streets and house lots and building it up in attractive hotels and apartment houses. Even then I did not suffer so keenly as some younger people who had never seen the villa, seemed to do, though there are still villas to burn in and about Rome, and they could not really miss the Ludovisi. It was a pretty place, but not beyond praise, and the quarter also is pretty, though also not beyond praise The villa was for the pleasure and pride of one family, but it signified, even in its beauty, nothing but patrioian splendor, which is a poor thing at best; and the quarbut every day in the week, and my distinct recoi- ter is now for the pleasure and pride of great numbers of tourists, mostly of that plutocracy from which a final democracy is inevitably to evolve itself. I could see no cause to beat the breast in this; and in humbler instances, even to very humble, I could not find that things were nearly as

bad in Rome as they had been painted. There is no doubt but at one time, directly after the coming of the capital to Rome, Rome was badly overbuilt. There is no doubt, also, that Rome has grown up to these rash provisions for her growth and that she now "stuffs out her vacant garments with her form" pretty fully. One must not say that all the flats in all the houses are occupied, but most of them are, and if now the property of the speculators is the property of the banks the banks are no bad landlords, and the law does not spare them the least of their duties to their

tenants, or so at least it is said.

Another typical wrong to the old Rome or rather to the not yet Rome, was the building up, beyond the Tiber, of the Quarter of the Fields, so called, where Zola in his novel of "Rome" placed most of the squalor which he so lavishly employs in its contrasts. In these he shows himself the romanticist that he frankly owned he always was in spite of himself; but when I had read his book I made it my affair to visit the scenes of poverty and misery in the Quartiere dei Prati. When I did so I found that I had already passed through the quarter without noting anything especially poor or specifically miserable, and I went a third time to make sure that I had not overlooked something impressively deplorable. But I did not see above three tenement houses. with the wash hung from the windows and the broken shutters of poverty and misery. in a space where in the East Side or the North Side in New York I could have counted such houses by the score, almost the hundred. In this quarter the streets were swept every morning as they are everywhere in Rome, and though toward noon they were beginning to look as slovenly as our streets look when they have just been "cleaned," I knew that the next morning these worst avenues of Rome would be swept as our best never have been since the days of Waring.

Beyond them their generous breadth has already been bordered by pleasant stucco villas of the pretty Italian type, fleetingly touched but not spoiled by the taste of the art nouveau, standing in their own grounds, and not so high fenced but one could look over their garden walls into the trees and flowers that brightened about them. Like suburban effects are characteristic of the new wide residential streets on the hither side of the Tiber, and on both shores the streets expand from time to time into squares, with more or less tolerable new monuments—say of the Boston average-in them. The business streets where they bear the lines of the frequently recurrent trams are spacious and straight, and though they are not the Corso, the Corso itself, it must be remembered, is only a street of shops by no means impressive and is mostly dim under the overtowering walls of palaces which have no space to be dignified in. Now and then their open portals betray a glimpse of a fountained or foliaged court, and whether these palaces are outwardly beautiful or not no one can tell from what sight one can get of them; no, not even the most besotted sentimentalist of all those who bewail the loss of mediæval Rome when they mean Rome of the Renaissance. How much of that Rome has been erased by modern Rome I do not know, but I think not so much as people pretend. Some of the ugly roccco churches have been pulled down to allow the excavation of imperial Rome,

but there are plenty of ugly rococo churches